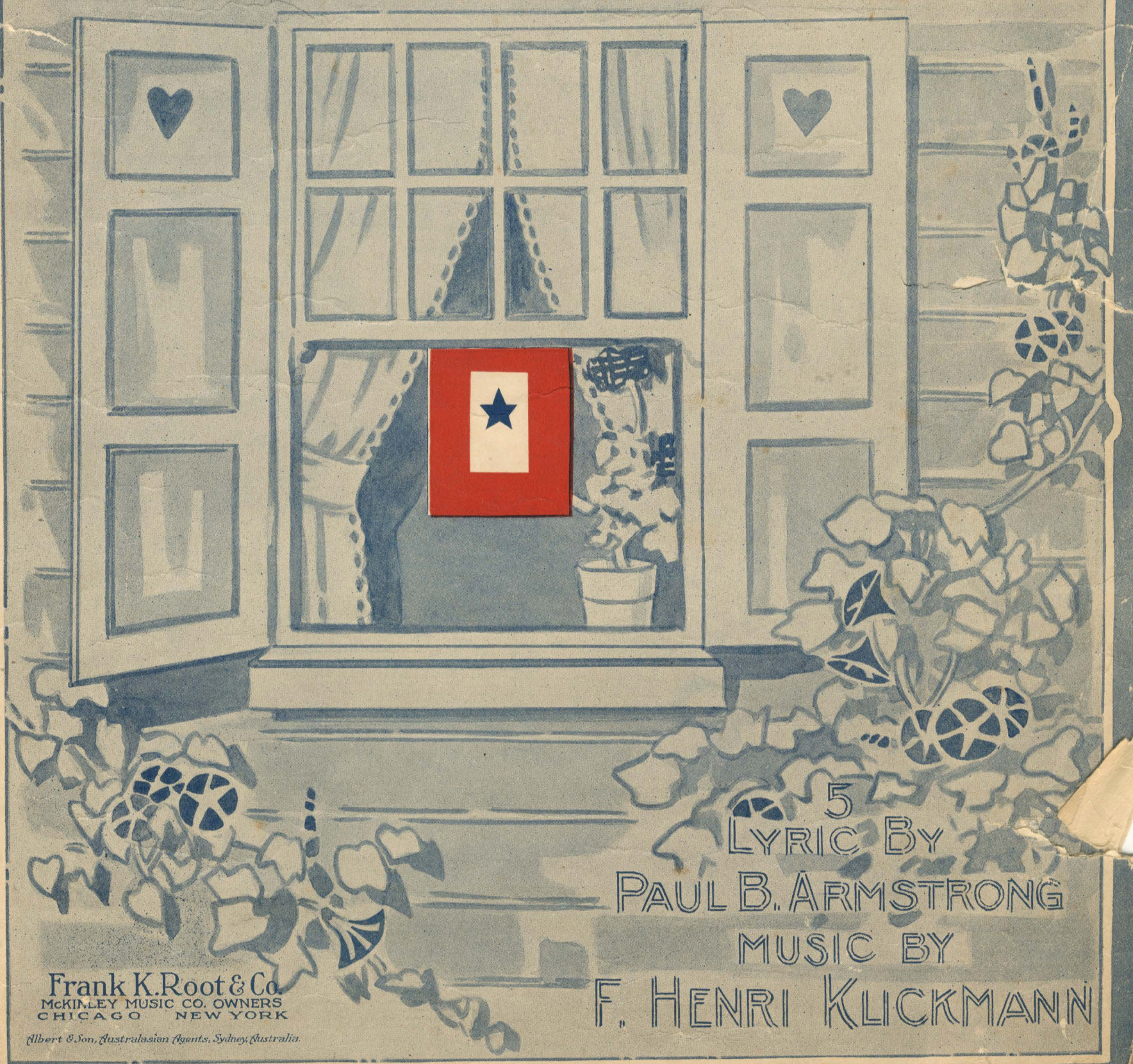
There's a LITTLE BLUE STAR in the WINDOW

And it means all the world to me



5

LYRIC BY
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG

MUSIC BY
F. HENRI KLICKMANN

Frank K. Root & Co.
McKINLEY MUSIC CO. OWNERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Albert & Son, Australasian Agents, Sydney, Australia.

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW

AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

Lyric by
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG.

Music by
F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

Andante moderato.

mf *rall.* *mp*

There's a
When the

lit - tle blue star in the win - dow, And it means all the world to me; ___ There's a
sun sinks to rest in the eve - ning And the stars in the dark - 'ning sky ___ Shine with

lad who is true To the Red, White and Blue, And he's serv-ing his Flag o'er the sea. ___ But it
soft, ten-der light, Till the heav-ens are bright, Then a glo - ri - ous sight greets the eye: ___ But the

does not re - flect gold-en sun - shine, Nev - er gleams in the dead of night; ___ In the
brightest of stars in the heav - ens Does not shine with the brill - ian - cy ___ As the

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bright-ness of day, As the night wears a - way, It shines with its own ho - ly light.
lit - tle one there In the win-dow—my pray'r For my lad-die o - ver the sea.

rall.

rall.

REFRAIN. *Tenderly*

There are stars in the high heav-ens shin - ing With a prom-ise of Hope in their light; There are

p–mf

stars in the field of Old Glo - ry, The em-blem of hon - or and right. But no

star ev - er shone with more brightness, I know, Than the one for my boy o'er the sea; There's a

ad lib.

1

2

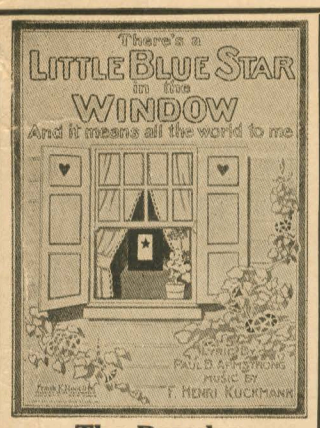
rall.

lit - tle blue star in the win - dow, And it means all the world to me. There are me.

colla voce

rall.

Late Patriotic Song Successes



The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

There are stars in the high heav-ens shin-ing With a prom-ise of Hope in their light, There are

stars in the field of Old Glo-ry, The em-blem of hon-or and right. But no

star ev-er shone with more brightness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea, There's a

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE.

Words and Music By CHAS. SNYDER

For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye; When we've carried the flag to vic-to-ry, Then

back to your arms I'll fly... So just smile all the while when I'm o-ver the sea, And, honey, keep your love and kisses

wait-ing for me; For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm bye.

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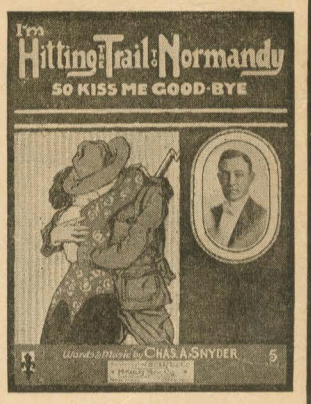

The Song Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

Crim-son Red for Sac-ri-fice, the blood of he-roes

shed, Spot-less White for Pur-i-ty, the

souls of sol-dier dead. Az-ure Blue for fear-less

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy o-ver there? Will they watch him and pro-tect him ev-'ry

where?" Then she nes-tles down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast, And

mur-murs soft and low her ev-e-ning pray'r, "Bless I love you, dear old dad-dy, how I miss you! I

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WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER
AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM.

By JACK

When a boy says good-bye to his moth-er, And the sound of the bu-gle is

heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by, Tho' her fond lips breathe

nev-er a word All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bove her That he'll

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When It Comes To A LOVINGLESS DAY.

By JACK FROST.

CHORUS

For Tues-days are meat-less and Wednesdays are wheat-less, My home it is beat-less, my

bed it is sheet-less, Now I don't care if all the bars are treat-less, Or if

I must ev-en sleep or eat less, I live in sor-row, in fear of to-mor-row, I'm

wor-ried till my hair is gray; For what will I do if they spring something new,

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

CHORUS. *a tempo*

The birds will greet you with mel-o-di-ous song, And I will meet you,

a tempo

so come a-long, The sun is shin-ing through the storm and the strife, dear,

And I'll be pin-ing for the light of my life. (Come a-way, don't de-lay.) We'll come back

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG

JACK FROST. HAROLD NEANDER.

When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-mer-i-can rag, They'll play it jer-ky and make

Bill walk tur-key and sa-lute our grand old flag. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the

songs of Yan-kee-land Or fox-trots to a good old Dix-ie tune (make it soon, make it soon) There'll be a

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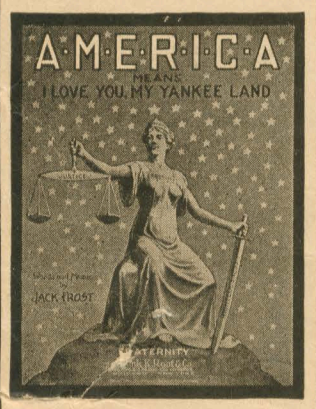

Great Patriotic March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
Means "I Love You, My Yankee Land"

Words and Music by JACK FROST.

"A" means you're an-y-bod-y's coun-try," "M" means you're meant for me;"

"E" means you're ev-'ry-bod-y's sweet-heart," And "R" for the right of lib-er-ty."

"I" stands for "in-dependence first and all," "C" for your col-ors so grand," "A-M-E-R-

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War.

By JACK FROST.

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're goin' to tell 'em to go to—well! That's

what we're fight-ing for! We did-n't want to do it, boys; But now they've made us sore;

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! war!

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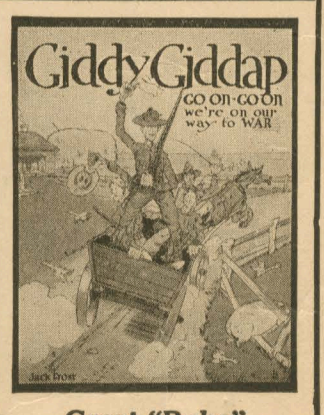

Great "Rube" War Song Hit

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